

9 DON QUIXOTE.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

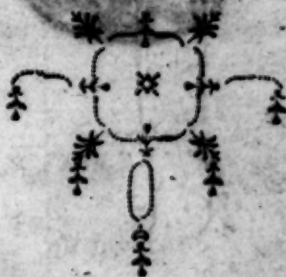
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Vox et præterea nihil.



LONDON:

Printed for C. D. Piguenit, Berkeley-square; and J.
Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard.

M D C C L X X V I.

DON QUIXOTE

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

GOVEINT-GARDEN.



LONDON:

Printed for C. D. Pigman, Bookbinder and J.
White, No. 7, St. Paul's Church-yard.
M.DCCCXXV.

DON QUIXOTE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON QUIXOTE,	Mr. DU BELLAMY.
SANCHO,	Mr. REINHOLD.
NICHOLAS,	Mr. MAHON.
PEREZ,	Mr. FOX.
MULETTEERS.	— — —

TERESA,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
MARITORNES,	Miss DAYES.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

SCENE II. *An Inn Yard.*

TIME, *very early in the Morning.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MR. DU BELLEVILLE	DON QUIXOTE,
MR. REINHOLD	SANCHO,
MR. MAHON	NICHOLAS,
MR. FOX	PEREZ,

MULLETTIERS.



M. MATTOCKS	TERESA,
M. DAVIS	MARTINEZ,

SCENE I. A Wood.

SCENE II. An Inn Yard.

TIME, copy copy in the morning.

DON QUIXOTE.

— S C E N E. *A Wood.*

S A N C H O.

DARK was the day, and evil overhung
When first I left my cöt—but now 'tis
done,
Let's make the best of it, tho' the market's bad:
Bare is the ground where nothing's to be had.
To lose my labor, and my honor too!
My chance to be a knight--go back!--No, no!
I'll patient suffer for so great a prize!
He who would glory gain, fatigue defies.

RECIT. *accomp.*

When raised to honor, every swain
Will bow to welcome me again:
No more plain SANCHE is my name,
DON SANCHE PANCHE now of mighty fame;
Returning too from all my toils,
Enrich'd with conquer'd heroes spoils.
Confin'd no more to homely fare,
I'll live on Olois rich, and Capons all the year.

B

SANCHE.

S A N C H O.

S O N G.

See me now become a knight,
 All my hopes and wishes crown'd,
 Now a giant slay in fight,
 Now a charming damsel wound.

Tremble those who dare oppose me—
 Hark!---What noise is that I hear—
 'Pshaw! I care not—yet-- ah woe's me!---
 Sure some fell Enchanter's near.

[The sound draws nearer.]

S A N C H O.

Hapless wight! they this way come,
 If they find me I'm undone,
 Down I'll couch me.

SANCHO, TERESA, MARITORNES.

*The Women advance from the end of the Stage;
 having been bat-folding, they have a net and
 clapper.*

M A R I T O R N E S.

Did you see?

Sure 'tis Sancho!

T E R E S A.

Ay, 'tis he—

And seems to be in wretched plight;
 Let's divert us with his fright.

SANCHO.

S A N C H O.

Ah! I dare not raise an eye!
Sure at least they're ten feet high.

[They come forward on opposite side]

M A R I T O R N E S.

Can you spy him?

T E R E S A.

No, not I.

M A R I T O R N E S.

Haste, let's seize him.

T E R E S A.

Are we nigh?

M A R I T O R N E S.

This way come, you'll find him here.

S A N C H O.

Ah! I scarce can breathe for fear.

T E R E S A.

Mischiefs great he spreads around,
How'll you quit him when he's found?

MARIT.

B 2

MARIT.

MARITORNES.

When we have him at our beck,
Break his bones, and writhe his neck.

SANCHO.

Murder! murder! —

TERESA.

This is he, —

SANCHO.

Indeed it is not, — 'tis not me —

MARITORNES.

Quick, let's hang him —

SANCHO.

Oh! forgive,
Let a harmless peasant live:
From my flock a lamb hath stray'd,
Hence I've this intrusion made.

Trio. SANCHO.

A shepherd swain,
From yonder plain
I come, in peaceful guise;
In pity then
Free me again.

MARIT.

MARITORNES and TERESA.

How! dare you tell us lies?

MARITORNES.

Hither, from the dreary north,
Hither, from the shades below,
Sprites and goblins, quick come forth,
Come and work the traitor woe.

SANCHO.

Oh, drive 'em hence!
Oh, hear my moan!

TERESA.

About, about, and all around,
Zuriel, pinch him black and blue:
Every joint let Micro wound,
Make him thus his treason rue.

SANCHO.

Oh! drive him hence!
The truth I'll own.—
For wealth and fame I left my home:
Would I had been more wise!
Let me but go, no more I'll roam.

MARITORNES and TERESA.

Let valiant Sancho rise!

RECIT.

RECIT.

MARITORNES.

Mighty squire, all squires excelling,
 Should you seek your former dwelling,
 Quit the daring trade of arms,
 Hear no more of war's alarms,
 What a loss to knighthood you!
 So bold, so valiant, and so true!

S A N C H O.

Then you think I was afraid —
 'Pshaw! a jest of you I made:
 All the while I knew you well.

T E R E S A.

Dare you again such falsehoods tell?

S O N G.

Well but, Sancho, prithee say,
 Ne'er before this luckless day
 Have I made you tremble?
 Did you ne'er receive a glance,
 Sharper than the pointed lance,
 From an eye so nimble?

Be civil now, and kindly swear
 You'd a stranger been to fear,
 Had I been more compliant:
 Say, 'twas the terror of my charms
 Which rais'd in you such dread alarms,
 And me from dwarf to giant.

RECIT.

R E C I T.

S A N C H O.

Peace! Prithee, peace; restrain your wit,
 You caught me in an evil fit;
 My courage slept: nor can you wonder,
 Fatigu'd, and cold, and pinch'd with hunger,
 All night parading I have been
 To seek my master's sov'reign queen;
 While he, the Pearl of Errantry,
 Observes the laws of Chivalry,
 (The year of trial fairly done
 In which such honors he hath won)
 His armour watches all the night,
 E're he is dubb'd an Errant Knight.

M A R I T O R N E S.

Is he far off?

S A N C H O.

Oh! no, just by—
 His arms in proper order lie
 On yonder well, Toboso's bound;
 There mighty Quixote may be found.

M A R I T O R N E S, *aside to* T E R E S A.

Shall we go and see the sport?

'Tis worth the walk,

T E R E S A.

With all my heart.

M A R I T.

MARITORNES.

Sancho, will you guide us there?

SANCHO.

That I will.——

TERESA.

And yet I fear
So early thro' the wood to go.

SANCHO.

You're none the wiser then, I trow——
What! afraid when Sancho's by?
I'll protect you.

MARITORNES.

Shewing the clapper.

So will I.——

Nay never droop,---for all must own,
Your case in this is not alone.

SONG.

Fit emblems these why Woman's fear'd,
How o'er mankind she braves it.
By this (*the clapper*) the flutt'ring Bird is scar'd
And this (*the net*) for life enslaves it.

With men a diff'rent plan is taught,
Thus does the wise entrapper;
When in the net secure he's caught,
She frights him with her clapper.

SCENE

SCENE, *An Inn Yard.*

Armour lying on a well near.

QUIXOTE.

RECIT. *accomp.*

Tedious minutes, hence, away;
Quick return the morning ray,
When at length my ardent wish
 Shall attain
 The noblest gain,
The highest strain of earthly bliss:
When boundless glory noblest deeds shall raise
And Quixote knighted, earn immortal praise.

S O N G.

Shall the wretched son of earth,
 In another's grief delight?
He who shares the human breath,
 'Gainst his brother's quiet fight?
Who's oppress'd and Quixote nigh?
 Who shall dare to scatter woe?
Wealthy arrogance shall fly,
 Pride and lust be humbled low.

QUIXOTE, MULETTEERS, SANCHE,
TERESA, MARITORNES.

MULETTEER, (*going to the well.*)

Hey--what is here--who left this litter, trow?

QUIXOTE.

Stop there, advent'rous chief!--fir knight!--

C

MULET-

M U L E T T E E R.

Hilloah !

Q U I X O T E.

If still thou dar'st disturb my vigil thus,
And that deposit move.——

M U L E T T E E R.

——'Pshaw, what a fuss,
I must get at the water, man.——

Q U I X O T E.

If so,
(Queen of my heart, assist thy vassal now)
Take the reward thy insolence deserves :
Numbers are nought to him whom valor thus
preserves.

Quintetto.

Q U I X O T E.

Cowards, recreants, now come on,
Your efforts I brave,
Nor a truce would I crave,
Tho' united against me a thousand to one.

M U L E T T E E R.

Sure he's mad, let's fly his rage.

S A N C H O, (*running behind a tree.*)

Here I'm safe while they engage.

QUIXOTE.

Q U I X O T E.

See the caitiffs fly before me,
 Bend beneath my vengeful arm:
 Dangers but increase my glory,
 Heroes might or wizard's charm.

S A N C H O.

Peerless knight, on me bestow
 The spoils of this your hardy fight.

Q U I X O T E.

Take 'em, ———

S A N C H O.

Many thanks.——And lo!
 Your dulcinea comes in fight.

MARITORNES, TERESA, *on different sides.*

QUIXOTE, (*to MARIT.*)

O rapture, past expressing!
 O joy, too great to bear!
 One moment thee caressing,
 Repays an age of care.

T E R E S A.

Turn, false knight, ah, turn to me!
 See thy Dulcinea here!
 From my chain would'st thou be free?
 Must I Quixote's falshood fear?

M A R I T O R N E S.

Valiant hero, hither turn,
 Can'st thou doubt my better claim?
 Can'st thou leave me? wilt thou burn
 For a wench of vulgar fame?

Q U I X O T E.

Still enchanters work me woe,
 Every pleasure turn to grief,
 How shall I my fair-one know!

S A N C H O, (*aside.*)

What a gudgeon in belief!

C H O R U S.

Love, of highest blifs the giver,
 Bitterest torments doth impart;
 Each who's of his joys receiver,
 First must feel severest smart.

End of the First Part.

D O N

DON QUIXOTE.

PART SECOND.

SCENE *continues.*

S O N G.

QUIXOTE.

BEAR my vows, my wishes bear,
Gentle Zephyr, on thy wing;
O may Dulcinea hear,
Kindly hear her captive sing.

Friendly Echo, catch the strain,
Aid my voice and ease my pain.

R E C I T.

SANCHO, (*running.*)

A prize, a prize!--good fir, fall too,
I'm almost starv'd, and so must you:
Art oft excels resistless force;
A knight for cunning's none the worse:

This

This well-fed fowl, this flask of wine,
 You owe to an exploit of mine :
 Then here's these chesnuts--come, begin.

Q U I X O T E.

Avoid, avoid the fatal fin.——

If we break our sacred fast,
 Lost is all our watching past,
 The duties done are done in vain,
 Unknighted Quixote must remain.

S A N C H O.

Of honor may you have your fill,
 But eat I must, and eat I will,

Q U I X O T E.

Hold, son Sancho, pray forbear.

S A N C H O.

'Oons, 'twould make a friar swear.——
 I am hungry, here is meat,
 And yet forsooth, I must not eat,
 Hunger will even conquer fear.——

Q U I X O T E.

Caitiff, my will submissive hear.

S A N C H O.

I cannot, Sir,—here's such a din,
 Your voice is drown'd by that within.

Q U I X O T E.

Instant submit, or take thy death;
This spear shall pinion thee to earth.

S A N C H O.

Ah---stop, dear Don,—Oh, I'll obey;
Since I must die, let's chuse which way;
I hate cold iron—hold your hand ———
I'll starve, kind Sir, as you command,

QUIXOTE, TERESA, SANCHE.

D U E T.

TERESA, (*at a window.*)

Cease your rage, and this way bending,
Ease, Oh ease, an anxious heart!
All my fears, my sorrows ending,
Heal a love-sick virgin's smart.
Let vows like mine your pity move,
And pity wake your soul to love.

Q U I X O T E.

Ah! I dare not!—I have sworn
My sighs, my tears,
My ardent prayers,
Are due to Dulcinea's shrine alone.

TERESA.

T E R E S A.

By the faith to her you owe,
By the order you profess,
By the force of knighthood's vow,
Yield at least this slight redress :

To my forrowing lips afford,
Since only that you can accord,
Your nervous hand.

Q U I X O T E.

At your command,
Most willing I obey.

T E R E S A.

Enough——'tis done——away.——
[*She retires, and leaves him fastened.*

After some efforts to free himself, he sings.

R E C I T. *accomp.*

Q U I X O T E.

Ah me--- alas!---my enemies prevail,
No more my strength, no more my arms avail;
Doom'd, unhappy knight !
A victim to Trifaldo's barbarous spite :
In magic fetters bound,
No hope for me is found ;
My faculties decay,
My senses fade away,
I cease to hear, to see, to breathe, to move,---
I scarce can speak--nothing remains--but--love.

SANCHO.

S A N C H O.

Alas, alas, all's lost, undone !
 Where shall I go, or which way run ?
 Where seek for help ?—Ah, dearest Master !
 How can I mend this sad disaster ?
 I'll hang myself for grief ;—yet—stay---
 Let's talk of that another day----
 On second thoughts I've surely reason
 To say this comes in happy season :
 I must have starv'd, I've now relief,
 And this, and this, shall cure my grief.

S O N G.

What have I to do with sorrow,
 While I thus can eat and drink ?
 Care, begone, or come to-morrow,
 I'm too busy now to think.
 There's no method let me tell-ye ;
 Surer to beguile one's pain.
 Grieving with an empty belly,
 Hercules could not sustain.

S C E N E *changes.*

N I C O L A S, P E R E Z.

N I C O L A S.

So wife !

P E R E Z.

Excuse this fault alone,
 And wisdom marks him as her own.

D

N I C O.

N I C O L A S,

So good !

P E R E Z,

E'er grief could raise her eye
His bounty to her aid would fly.

N I C O L A S,

A foul !---and worth our care---my hand,
My readiest services command.
That heart which echoes others moan,
Claims ten-fold pity for its own.
But would you quite his follies smother,
Expel one poison by another.

P E R E Z,

Say how !

N I C O L A S.

To cure his fancied woes,
Let fancied spirits interpose ;
Exact obedience, then command him home,
His friends no more shall grieve, nor Quixote
roam.

P E R E Z.

Thanks, my good friend; you can I see exempt,
Errors of virtue from ill-plac'd contempt.

S O N G.

N I C O L A S.

I've follies enough of my own,
Yet I smile at the trips of another,

He

He will smile in his turn,
Nor with envy will burn,
When he sees I'm in folly his brother.

But the man who'd wiser be,
Wiser than his neighbour,
Surely will by all be scorn'd,
Or laugh'd at for his labor.

For he who's à Solon to day,
To-morrow shall blush at his blunder ;
Thus we give and we take ;
Since the best may mistake,
That we should, pray where is the wonder ?
But the man who'd wiser be, &c.

S A N C H O.

Well, now I've time, 'twere well to think a bit ;
Wine, tho' it curbs the tongue, will aid the wit.
The Don by hunger, knighthood sought to gain,
And magic now has proved his hopes were vain :
For me, not nice, I am for other carving,
I seek no honor to be got by starving ;
I love good eating, and am used to thinking
There is no fearful heresy in drinking :
As he's enchanted, I'll his honors claim
And trust my bottle to secure my fame.

S O N G.

S A N C H O.

Tho' danger should threaten I scorn to retreat,
While liquor like this does my courage inspire ;
Oppose me who will, they must fall at my feet,
If my wine is but ready to quicken my fire.

Their swords let them draw, I'll my bottle
oppose ;
While they thunder defiance, I'll drink and I'll
sing ;
They'll tremble to hear me, they'll shrink from
my blows,
For " He who is drunk is as great as a king."
[going off.

N I C O L A S.

Stop---who goes there ?

S A N C H O.

Good sir, a friend.

N I C O L A S.

Hither, return,

S A N C H O.

Your pleasure I attend.

N I C O L A S.

I seek a hero great in arms,
Who spreads, 'midst high and low, alarms,
A knight most valiant, wise, and free,
Say, do you know him ?

S A N C H O.

——I am he——

N I C O.

N I C O L A S.

Indeed !——

S A N C H O.

Ay, friend, I am the same.

N I C O L A S.

Great fir, that babling gossip Fame
With our Corregidor hath been ;
Hath told the means by which you win
Scepters and crowns of——varnish'd tin,
How to : our, state, and our delight,
You giants slay, or——peasants fright ;
Your warlike port, your figure bluff
She hath described ;——

S A N C H O.

Enough, enough ?
The purport of your business tell ;
Who speaks concisely speaketh well.

N I C O L A S.

He, who's himself a man of spirit,
Loves to reward superior merit,
Hath sent——what luck to find the Don so
nigh ! ——

S A N-

SANCHO.

Yes, you're in luck, my friend---and so am I!

NICHOLAS.

Hath sent a chain, which I'm to see you try on,

SANCHO (*enrapturea.*)

A chain !---a chain of gold !

NICHOLAS.

No, fir, of iron;—

This he intreats you'll wear---and, more to grace
you,

Aloft in air he speedily will place you.

SANCHO.

Me, friend---what me---if that is knighthood's
hire

Let me continue but a simple squire.

NICHOLAS.

You are no knight?

SANCHO.

Not I.—

NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS.

You will not go
Adorn'd with this before his worship?

SANCHO.

No.

NICHOLAS.

Thus then I feize you.—

SANCHO (*struggling.*)

Prithee---plague---no joking---
You throttle me---and faith I hate all choak-
ing---

NICHOLAS.

Come, come.—

SANCHO (*presenting his bottle.*)

Nay, then---I'm arm'd,---and thus defy you,
Dare to come near I will not fail to ply you:
Rascal, begone---I'll fluce you---tho' I pine
On such a varlet thus to waste my wine.

[*drives him out.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes,*
QUIXOTE *discovered as before.*

SYMPHONY *of soft Music.*

MARITORNES (*as an aerial spirit*) *she touches QUIXOTE with her wand, then sings.*

RECIT.

MARITORNES.

Far as younder distant sky
In an instant I can fly,
On the light'ning's wing I ride,
Quick as quickest thought I glide ;
When the brave are in distress,
When, from Magic, dangers press,
So I fly to sooth their grief,
So I fly to bring relief.

Oberea guides my way,
Oberea I obey ;
Aid from her the worthy find
If they bear an humble mind.——
If, like me, her will you'll hear ;
Strict obedience if you'll swear,
Magic to her power shall bend,
Instant shall your durance end.

(QUIXOTE *bows his head in token of obedience*
—she waves her wand---the cord is loosened,
he jumps down and kneels to her.)

QUIXOTE.

Sent from above to aid a hapless knight,
Say, how can I such services requite ;

O, task

O task my strength,---my skill,--let me explore
Dangers or horrors none e'er fac'd before.

M A R I T O R N E S.

Oberea claims you now.---
Dare not violate your vow.
Follow to a fountain nigh,
Wash the film from off your eye ;
Leave your armour,---we'll return
Here your destiny to learn ;
Then your fate, by me untold
Shall a higher sylph unfold.

Q U I X O T E,

Lead on, bright spirit ; you point out the way,
Quixote your will shall chearfully obey.

M A R I T O R N E S.

S O N G,

Sister, sister, hither come,
Fix obedient Quixote's doom.
Whether in yon star residing,
Whether o'er the ocean gliding,
Tho' far off you trace the line
Where the distant planets shine,
Hear and come.

See he bends the pliant knee,
 Waits submissive your decree.
 When we leave the fountain clear,
 Sister, let us find you here. [Exeunt.]

SANCHO (*hastily.*)

SANCHO,

Well---here am I---and safe--the ill-fed knave!
He must confess at least that Sancho's brave.
 Egad I fluiced him---What tho' hence I hasted,
 I fought like hero 'till my wine was wasted.
 I'll e'en go home,---to bad still worse succeeds;
 Nought but mishap attends our hardiest deeds.
 Magic has caught the Don---on me, the law,
 But for my heels, had laid her iron paw.

SYMPHONY.

(*A voice behind sings.*)

"The real knight shall honor gain;
 The false shall suffer deadly pain."

(*Sancho appears exceedingly alarmed.*)

I'm caught at last--oh would I were at home--
 Ill catch the wretch who tempted me to roam.

[*Turns and misses Quixote.*]

Ha! gone---The armour here!---Suppose I try
 To cheat th' enchanter, 'tis in vain to fly.

I will

I will---I'll case in iron---tho' I tremble,---

(Symphony of soft Music.)

Ha! here already---thus then I'll dissemble---

[Places himself in the attitude of Quixote at the window.]

To them TERESA *(as an aerial spirit)*

SANCHO, MARITORNES, QUIXOTE.

TERESA *(approaching, touches him with her wand, and sings.)*

If you are the real knight,
'Thus I end your hapless plight.

[Sancho jumps down.]

SANCHO.

(Lucky i'faith---all's right)(aside) yes, I am he,
From every grief I hope you'll set me free.

TERESA.

From yon moon so bright and clear,
For that purpose am I here.

SANCHO.

A dev'lish way you've come, and very soon,---
'Tis twenty miles at least from yonder moon.
So lately from the stars, no doubt you know,
How matters' midst us mortals are to go:

E 2

Now

Now there's a friend of mine they Sancho call,
An honest slave---what fate will him befall ?

T E R E S A.

Here I mark my mighty spell,
Hence his lot I'll truly tell.

S A N C H O.

He's trusty, tho' not wise---and as myself,
Knowing his worth, I love the foolish elf.

S O N G.

T E R E S A.

Horrors shall the wretch surround,
Woes the traitor shall confound,
Woes will ever wring his heart,
Who from truth shall dare depart.

S A N C H O. (*roaring out.*)

Oh---better news---Is't thus you shew your
love ?

T E R E S A.

By this grief, you're sure not he
I am sent to.

SANCHO.

S A N C H O.

Yes, 'tis me.——

It is upon my soul---wilt not believe me,
dove?

T E R E S A.

If Sancho's caught e're home he gains,
He'll suffer yet unheard-of pains.

S A N C H O.

Alas!——ah me!

T E R E S A.

You're in such fright
I scarce can think that you're the Knight.

S A N C H O.

I tell you---yes---the woman sure's a Jew!
Haste with me home---then see if it is true.

T E R E S A.

First you must swear——

SANCHO.

S A N C H O.

Well, well, — I will — I swear —
By those bright eyes (you've charming eyes,
my dear)
What shall I swear?

T E R E S A.

That you're the Don —

S A N C H O.

I do:
By all my mighty deeds I swear 'tis true;
By those adventures great from young beginner,
As you're a goddess, and as I'm a finner,
I am the knight.

T E R E S A.

What knight? —

S A N C H O.

Don Quix. — oh no —

(*Seeing QUIXOTE and MARITORNES*)

Oh, mercy! --- mercy! --- Misery and woe.---

QUIXOTE.

Q U I X O T E.

Monster, I've caught——

MARITORNES, (*stopping Don Quixote.*)

Hold! by Revenge you're hurried.
Sancho, stand up. ——

S A N C H O.

I can't—I'm dead and buried. ——

T E R E S A.

This instant rise, and hear,---your doom I pass.

S A N C H O, (*rising.*)

(*Aside.*) Now will that devil change me to an
ass.

(THE SENTENCE.)

T E R E S A to Q U I X O T E.

No more for Mighty Deeds your breast may
burn,
You've Glory won,
Your Task is done,
And, Fate ordains, you now return.
[Quixote bows reluctantly.]

For

For Sancho.—

S A N C H O.

Well —

(*Advances trembling.*)

T E R E S A.

'Gainst whom such threats were bent,
His fears have been sufficient punishment.
He must go with you---be a 'Squire no more.

S A N C H O, (*leaping for joy.*)

No, may I perish if I am, encore.
I've 'scap'd a scouring, faith---and glad resign;
No more for spoils or knighthood will I pine.
Yet I would fain be friends, now all is o'er,
With my good Master (*to Ter.*) do now try
your power
To make us one again.

T E R E S A.

With all my heart.

(*To Quixote.*)

Do not in anger with friend Sancho part,
Let him attend you once more on your way.

Q U I X O T E.

In that and all things I'll your will obey.

T E R E S A.

Well said---and now to private virtues go,
There let your breast with ceaseless ardor glow,
And think, while chearful you submit to Fate,
All may be GOOD, tho' only few are great.

F I N I S.

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Q U I X O T E

In that and all things I'll your will obey.

T E R E S A

Well said -- and now to private virtues go,
I here let your breast with celestial ardor glow,
And think, while cheerful you submit to fate,
All may be GOOD, tho' only few are great.

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